



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS.

VOL. L

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1862.

NO. 30.

## URBANA UNION.

J. W. ROUSE, PROPRIETOR.  
Office—Coulson's Building, (second floor),  
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## The Songs of the Union.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there!  
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes  
The milky halos of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white,  
With streaks from the morning light;  
Then, from the mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle banner down,  
And gave to him the mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
Who roarest forth thy regal form,  
To keep the tempest trampling loud,  
And not the lightning waves driven,  
When strikes the warrior of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!  
Child of the sun! to this his given  
To guard the banner of the free—  
To ward away the battle-ruin,  
And bid its bleeding shores again  
Lift a banner to the world of war  
The haringer of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly;  
The sign of hope and triumph high;  
When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the gleaming bayonet—  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy meteor glories burn,  
And as the springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance  
And when the cannon's muffled roar,  
Heave to wild yells the battle shout,  
And glory above rise and fall,  
Like shafts of flame on midnight's pall!  
Thou shalt thy valor proudly show,  
And covering foes shall sink beneath  
Each soldier's arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly;  
Thy stars shall glitter on the sea,  
When Death covering on the gale,  
Sweepeth the waves to the belted sail,  
And frighted waves roll wildly back  
Before the breakers' roaring rack,  
The dying waver of the sea  
Shall look at thee to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy standard fly,  
In triumph o'er the floating sea.

Flag of the free! thy folds shall fly;  
By angel hands to valor given!  
Thy stars shall gleam on the world's dome,  
And all thy home be born in heaven!  
Forever shall that standard cheer!  
Where breathes the free, that life before us,  
With Freedom's soul beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

## Our Story-Teller.

## PERILS IN THE AIR.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BALLOON ASCENSION, AND  
WHAT CAME OF IT.

The last balloon ascension undertaken for scientific purposes was that of Mr. Glaisher, which took place in England in September. With other disregard of safety or comfort, this gentleman has ventured upon scientific experiments at higher altitudes than any kind person would care to do, and although his last expedition nearly proved fatal to him, he has returned safely with a remarkable chapter of aerial experience to narrate. The London Athenaeum justly remarks that in his hands the balloon is restored to its old rank of a philosophical agent. Gay Lussac has shown the "mist of science how to use the balloons for scientific purposes; but Mr. Glaisher, by his successive ascents, is adding largely to our knowledge of the higher regions of the atmosphere.

The September ascension was made in Mr. Coxwell's great balloon, and the highest point reached was five and three-quarter miles. Mr. Glaisher's interesting narrative of this voyage thus describes the effects of atmosphere at different altitudes:

## THE FREEZING POINT AT TWO MILES.

"When we attained the height of two miles, at 1 h. 21 m., the temperature had fallen to the freezing point; we were three miles high at 1 h. 28 m., with a temperature of 18 deg; at 1 h. 30 m., we had reached four miles, and the temperature was 8 deg; in ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature of air had passed zero, and there read minus 2 deg; and at this point no dew was observed on Regnault's hygrometer, when cooled down to minus 30 deg. Up to this time I had taken the observations with comfort, I had experienced no difficulty in breathing, while Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertion he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time."

## DIZZINESS OF EIGHT AT FIVE AND A QUARTER MILES.

"At 1 h. 51 m., the barometer read 11.05 inches, but which requires a subtractive cor-

rection of 0.25 inch, as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometer just before starting, both by his lordship and myself which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or at a high of about 5 1/4 miles. I read the dry bulb as minus 5 deg; in endeavoring to read the wet bulb I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens, and also failed. I then tried to read the other instruments and found I could not do so, nor could I see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring, and he would when he came down. I endeavored to reach some brandy, which was lying on the table at about the distance of a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do so."

## TOTAL LOSS OF POWER AT FIVE AND THREE-QUARTER MILES.

"My sight became more dim: I looked at the barometer and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but I was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, was at this time about 5 1/4 miles, as a change of an inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of about 2,500 feet. I felt I was losing all power, and endeavored to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to speak, and found I had lost the power. I attempted to look at the barometer again; my head fell on one side. I struggled and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backwards.

"My arm, which had been resting on the table, fell down by my side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring. It became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep; this must have been about 1 h. 54 m. I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, 'What is the temperature? Take an observation; now try.' But I could neither see, move nor speak. I then heard him speak more emphatically. 'Take an observation; now do try.' I shortly afterwards opened my eyes, saw the instruments and Mr. Coxwell very dimly, and soon saw clearly, and said to Mr. Coxwell, 'I have been insensible,' and he replied, 'You have and I never.'

"I recovered quickly, and Mr. Coxwell said, 'I have lost the use of my hands; give me some brandy to bathe them.' His hands were nearly black! I saw the thermometer was still below zero and the barometer reading 11 inches, but increasing quickly. I resumed my observation at 2 h. 7 m., according to the barometer reading 11.53 inches, and the temperature minus 2 deg. I then found that the water in the vessel supplying the wet bulb thermometer, which I had by frequent disturbances kept from freezing, was only half solid. Mr. Coxwell then told me that while in the ring he felt it piercing cold, that his feet were all round the neck of the balloon, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he got down how he could; that his hand was motionless, with a quiet and placid expression on the countenance. He spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and found I was insensible."

## THE AIRMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

"He then said he felt insensibility was coming over himself; that he became anxious to open the valve; that his hands failed him; and that he seized the line between his teeth, and pulled the valve open until the balloon took a turn downwards. This act is quite characteristic of Mr. Coxwell. I have never yet seen him without a ready means of meeting every difficulty as it has arisen, with a cool self-possession that has always left my mind perfectly easy, and given to me every confidence in his judgment in the management of so large a balloon."

Mr. Glaisher is convinced that the balloon (containing only himself and the aeronaut Coxwell) finally reached an altitude of over six miles, but of this he is not positive, as his ability to read the instruments ceased at the height of five and three-quarter miles. On this point he says:

## THE ASCENT.

The account of the descent is equally interesting. Mr. Glaisher says:

"On descending when the temperature rose to 17 deg it was remarked as warm, and at 2 deg it was noted as very warm. The temperature then gradually increased to 57 deg on reaching the earth. It was remarked that the sand was quite warm to the hand, and steam issued from it when it was discharged. Six pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles; it extended its wings and dropped as a piece of paper. A second at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a great dip each time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downwards. A fourth was thrown out at four miles when we were descending; it flew in a circle, and shortly after alighted on the top of the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground one was found to be dead, and the other, (a carrier), had attached to its neck a note. It would not, however, leave,

and when jerked off the finger returned to the hand. After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of ribbon encircling its neck, and I then jerked it off my finger and it flew round two or three times with vigor, and finally towards Wolverhampton. Not one, however, had returned when I left on the afternoon of the 6th."

## INFERENCES.

"It would seem from this ascent that five miles from the earth is very nearly the limit of human existence. It is possible, as the effect of each high ascent upon myself has been different, that on another occasion I might be able to go higher, and it is possible that some persons may be able to exist with less air and bear a greater degree of cold; but still I think that prudence would say to all, whenever this barometer reading falls as low as 11 inches, open the valve at once; the increased information to be obtained is not commensurate with increased risk."

During the ascent Mr. Glaisher attempted to take a photograph of the scene below, which he described as being very beautiful, but the immense velocity of the balloon during the ascent rendered this impossible.

The London Times, commenting upon this perilous enterprise, observes:

"The aerial voyage just performed by Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher deserves to rank with the greatest feats of our experimental men, discoverers and travelers. It is true these gentlemen have not brought down a very comfortable or inspiring report of the upper world into which they have penetrated. Science and poetry are unhappily rather at variance upon the subject of the air and the sky. Poetry points up to the sky with glowing rapture as the scene of brightness and glory, and a residence there figures as the reward of heroism and greatness. Everything is happy and splendid that is connected with the sky. But science penetrates with its material eye into these vast upper spaces, and simply reports a great difficulty of breathing there; that the blood stagnates, the limbs become benumbed, the senses evaporate, and nature faints in unconsciousness. The very birds will not fly in that very sky which is their poetical home. The distinction is that poetry looks up to the sky from below, and science examines and feels it on a level. The sky is the emblem of poetry, the seat of science. Both aspects of it are equally true, but the point of view from which they are taken is quite different. But, though our recent explorers of the sky do not add to its brilliancy as a picture, they have furnished one more striking and impressive scene to the history of science. They have shown what enthusiasm science can inspire, and what courage it can give. If the man, as the poet says, had need of 'triple steel about his breast' who first launched a boat into the sea, certainly those who have no less need of it who first floated in the air six miles above the surface of the earth."

## All Sorts of Good Reading.

## Heroic Adventurer.

SERGEANT W. B. WARE, of squadron B, Wisconsin Cavalry, Colonel Daniels and private McCabe of squadron A, were out last week on a scouting expedition in Arkansas. Several miles below Homersville, when they were suddenly pounced upon by a squad of rebels. McCabe succeeded in escaping; but Sergeant Ware was captured and started for the rebel camp a prisoner. At night, the party stopped for rest, and Ware was placed under a guard of four men, two on duty while the other two slept close at hand. He was deprived of all his clothing excepting his shirt, and comforted with the assurance that the next day, on their arrival at camp, he should be hung. They also informed him that Dr. Gregory was murdered by them, and exhibited what they purported to be the identical gun which sent the fatal ball—all of which must have been decidedly comforting.

During the night one of the guards whose duty it was to keep awake fell into a dose, and Ware, watching for an opportunity, seized two guns belonging to the sleepers, and the only guard awake had his attention drawn to something else than his regular business, and cooking one of the guns, he aimed it at the breast of the only wakened guard, coolly informing him that if he made the least alarm death should be his portion. With his gun thus leveled on the astonished guard, Ware commenced backing off, which operation was continued until he thought it safe to turn and run, and then he made the best possible use of his nude lower limbs. The time he made for a short distance would undoubtedly have been an honor to either Jeff Thompson or General Price. Finding the weight of two guns too much for him on this rapid retreat, he broke up the poorest one against a tree. The one he saved and brought in is the gun that was said to have killed Dr. Gregory.

On the approach of morning Ware went into a house and pressed into service a pair of pants. In this novel style—barreled, barreled and coatless—he made his way through woods and swamps for a distance of twenty-five miles, and at last arrived safely—where he was considered lost—at the camp of his own squadron. His safe return was greeted with many demonstrations of joy, and he now enjoys the attention a genuine hero merits. This truthful narrative of Ware's adventures deserves circulation in preference to the numerous fiction not half as strange.

"I don't care so much about the bugs," said Mr. Wornley to his landlady, "but the fact is, marm, I hain't got the blood to spare; you can see that yourself!"

## Visit to the Navy-Yard.

By invitation of a well-known official, I visited the Navy-Yard yesterday, and witnessed the trial of some newly-invented rifled cannon. The trial was of short duration, and the jury brought in a verdict of "innocent of any intent to kill."

The first gun tried was similar to those used in the Revolution, except that it had a large touch-hole, and the carriage was painted green, instead of blue. This novel and ingenious weapon was pointed at a target about sixty yards distant. It didn't hit it, and as nobody saw the ball, there was much perplexity expressed. A midshipman said that he thought the ball must have run out of the touch-hole when they loaded up—for which he was instantly expelled from the service. After a long search without finding the ball, there was some thought of summoning the Naval Retiring Board to decide on the matter, when somebody happened to look into the mouth of the cannon, and discovered that the ball hadn't gone out at all. The inventor said this would happen sometimes, especially if you didn't put a brick over the touch-hole when you fired the gun. The Government was so pleased with this explanation, that it ordered forty of the guns on the spot, at two hundred thousand dollars apiece. The guns to be furnished as soon as the war is over.

The next weapon tried was Jink's double back-swing revolving cannon for ferry-boats. It consists of a heavy bronze tube, revolving on a pivot, with both ends open, and a touch-hole in the middle. While one gunner puts a load in at one end, another puts a load in at the other end, and one touch-hole serves for both. Upon applying the match, the gun is whirled swiftly round on a pivot, and both balls fly out in circles, causing great slaughter on both sides. This terrible engine was aimed at the target with great accuracy; but as the gunner has a large family dependent on him for support, he refused to apply the match. The Government was satisfied without firing, and ordered six of the guns at a million of dollars apiece. The guns to be furnished in time for our next war.

The last weapon subjected to trial was a mountain howitzer of a new pattern. The inventor explained that its great advantage was that it required no powder. In battle it is placed on the top of a high mountain, and the ball shipped loosely into it. As the enemy passes the foot of the mountain, the gunner in charge tips over the howitzer, and the ball rolls down the side of the mountain into the midst of the doomed foe. The range of this terrible weapon depends greatly on the height of the mountain and the distance to its base. The Government ordered forty of these mountain howitzers at a hundred thousand dollars apiece, to be planted on the first mountains discovered in the enemy's country.

These are great times for gunsmiths, my boy, and if you find any old cannon around the junk-shops, just send them along.

## War Speech on Boston Common by a Warrior.

At a war meeting held on Boston Common a few days ago, a speech was made by an officer of the army of the Potomac, who was in the recruiting service, reported as follows by the Post:

Capt. Scanlan, of the Ninth Regiment, was next introduced. He was received with three cheers. He said he was getting ready to return to his regiment, which had been badly cut up. What he wanted was to see every man take his gun and march to-night if necessary. Were they to allow their brethren to be slaughtered? But he was sure they had beaten the enemy, and was d-n sure they could do it again. If we had 50,000 more men that day, we would have knocked him—all out. [Laughter and cheers.] Let Beacon-street and Mt. Vernon-street pour out their men, and the mechanics would come. But do your duty and in less than three months we will have all the South.

The South had been called good fighters, but it was no such thing. With fifty Irishmen he could beat any hundred of them. He asked the lawyers, the brokers, every man who loved his country to go to the war. Let us and hang every d-n traitor. [Laughter.] He complimented General McClellan. I love him, and so does every other soldier who has fought under him. In order to know him, put on your equipments and go and serve under him. Had it come to this that Irishmen must come up and ask Americans to defend their own country? Capt. Scanlan closed by another urgent appeal to come forward, and do honor to the country by fighting for it.

READING.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or a book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which the mind has had enough. It relieves his home of dullness and sadness. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work and gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

"If you lay your hand on me," said Bomby, "appoint your funeral for day after tomorrow, and I will see that the corpse is ready."

## Major-General Joseph Hooker.

This distinguished military chieftain, whose triumphant services have raised him so high in the admiration and confidence of his country in this great crisis, was born in Hadley, Mass., in 1813, and is consequently forty-three years of age. His parents are not living. He has no brother. Two of his three sisters are married in Jefferson County, N. Y., and the other in Cincinnati. He is himself a bachelor. He entered the army from West Point in 1837, Second Lieutenant First Artillery and was promoted First Lieutenant in 1838. Adjutant Military Academy in 1841. Regimental Adjutant, 1841 to 1848. Throughout the Mexican war, in all its hard conflicts, he was well known as one of "the brave," as he is now so well known in this struggle. He was brevetted Captain in 1846 "for gallant conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September, 1846." Brevetted Captain Staff—Assistant Adjutant-General—1847, and again in the same year brevetted Major, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the affair at the National Bridge. Brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the same year, also "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec." This much for his career in the Mexican campaign.

In 1848 he rose in regular line of promotion in his regiment to a full captaincy, and in same year vacated his regimental commission and accepted the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General with rank of captain, which position he continued to fill till in 1853, when he resigned while on duty in California, purchased a tract of land, and became a farmer in Sonoma, on the Bay of San Francisco. From this employment, when the Government made an appropriation for a National road connecting California and Oregon, he was summoned to superintend that enterprise by Col. Roche, of the Topographical Engineer Corps, who was in charge of that appropriation, and who well understood his capacity and fidelity. Gen. Hooker had just finished this work and returned to California when, like Cincinnati, he was literally summoned from his plough to fight the battles of his country. At the first reorganization of the artillery of Fort Sumpter upon the shores of the Pacific, he started immediately for the field of conflict, and on his arrival here was in May, 1861, made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and placed in command of the First and Eleventh Massachusetts, Second New-Hampshire and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiments, then located at Bladenburg, and which, in their triumphant subsequent career, have, under their noble leader, so fairly earned the name of "Hooker's Fighting Brigade."

Gen. Hooker was strongly solicited while in Oregon to allow his name to be used in connection with the United States Senate. He, however, not only declined the suggestion, but joining hands with Senator Nesmith, canvassed the whole State with him, and was thus confessedly a main instrument in placing in that body the lamented Baker, who was his bosom friend.

In person, Gen. Hooker is very tall, erect, compactly but not heavily built, extremely muscular, and of great physical endurance; of a light complexion, a fresh, ruddy countenance, full, clear mild eyes, intellectual head, brown hair, slightly tinged with gray—and altogether, one of the most elegant and commanding officers in his bearing and appearance in the army.

In social intercourse he is frank, unpretending and courteous, removing embarrassment from even the humblest personage who approaches him. It is only when at the head of his command and in the storm of battle that he arrays himself in the stern and lofty aspect of the commanding, heroic military chieftain. His transcendent career in this rebellion is familiar to all. He has in the most emphatic as well as triumphant manner, literally fought his way to his present elevation. The wonder is that he was not placed in a different position at the opening of this rebellion.—N. Y. Times.

HOW SNAILS MAKE LOVE.—Blackwood's Magazine, in giving an account of the different kinds of snails found in England, mentions one that has a curious spring door in the opening of her shell, which she can shut in a moment when alarmed by the approach of a centipede, or vagrant ant—both shell and door forming a piece of spiral mechanism, which Archimedes might have studied with delight, had there been any conchologists in his days. This snail, too, has a way of making love, which shows it to have doubtless been the origin of the arrows of Cupid. The male is a pattern lover. He will spend ten hours at a time—a good deal out of his short life of seven or eight years—in the most quiet but devoted attention to the object of his affections; cowering her occasionally with those pretty little horns, of which no one seems to know whether they are eyes, or ears, or hands. They are furnished, too, with crystalline darts, with which they shoot at each other after preliminary coquetting. These curious love-weapons have been observed sticking in the bodies of snails after such conflicts. They are contained in a special pouch or receptacle ready for use, and resemble the ancient arrows of Cupid.

## AN INSTRUCTION.—A boarder was seen to pick something out of a sausage he was eating.

"What is it Ben?" asked a boarder sitting opposite.

"A little piece of bark, I believe," replied Ben.

"Well, old fellow, in my opinion you'd better not hunt any longer, or you might find a grovel pretty soon."

## Chief Justice Caton on the President's Policy.

THE following is a correspondence between J. O. Glover, of Ottawa, and Chief Justice Caton.

OTTAWA, ILL., Sept. 25.

To J. D. Caton:  
The Democratic Convention here have just passed resolutions, by an almost unanimous vote, condemning the president's proclamation. (Signed) J. O. Glover.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Sept. 25.

To J. O. Glover, Ottawa, Ill.:  
I expected it. I regret the proclamation as an ill-advised measure. It is a tub thrown to the abolition whale, which may endanger the whole ship. It cannot change the actual status of one negro from what it would be without it. It weakens the hands and lays an additional burden on the shoulders of those who are exerting every energy to support the Government in this war, to uphold and restore the Constitution and suppress the rebellion.

May God, in His mercy to our bleeding country and endangered Constitution, grant that it may have no worse results than to meet the disapproval of Democrats in the free States, whose whole souls are engaged in the prosecution of this war. They will prosecute this war with an unyielding energy, while those who have extorted this unwise measure from the President will be clamoring loudly for peace by separation. Seven months hence you will see these words vindicated.

This country is ours to uphold, and this government is ours to maintain, as much as they are those of the President. And, although he has done an unwise or unjustifiable act, it will not warrant or induce us to abandon them, but stimulate us to greater efforts to uphold and vindicate such sacred interests. Whatever the administration may do, this people will defend and uphold their government and country until the Constitution shall be re-established over the whole land. (Signed) J. D. CATON.

## Sections Amending of the Internal Revenue or Tax Bill.

The following sections of the "Act increasing, temporarily, the duties on imports, and for other purposes" approved July 14, 1862, are amendments of the foregoing Internal Revenue or Tax Bill:

"Section 25 And be it further enacted, That the 95th section of the act entitled 'An Act to Provide Internal Revenue to Support the Public Debt,' approved July 1 1862, be so amended that no instrument, document or paper, made, signed, or issued, prior to the 1st day of January, 1863, without being duly stamped, or having thereon an adhesive stamp to denote the duty imposed thereon, shall for that cause be deemed invalid and of no effect: Provided, however, that no such instrument, document, or paper, shall be admitted or used as evidence in any court until the same shall have been duly stamped, nor until the holder thereof shall have proved to the satisfaction of the court that he has paid to the collector or deputy collector of the district within which such court may be held, the sum of five dollars for the use of the United States.

"Section 26 And be it further enacted, That no part of the act aforesaid, in relation to stamp duties, shall be held to take effect before the 1st day of September, 1862. And all of said act, except so much thereof as relates to the appointment of a Commissioner of Internal Revenue, shall be held to take effect on the 21st day of July, 1862, instead of from and after its approval by the President."

GALLATRY OF A CHICAGO OFFICER.—The Tennessee correspondent of the Detroit Free Press recites the gallant action of a young Chicago officer, which, in the midst of incidents occurring in the same quarter, involving dastardly conduct, deserves especial notice. This letter says:

Lieut. Bell, of the 19th Illinois—with forty men—while in command of a stockade near Pulaski, was surrounded by 400 guerrillas in the woods—and in reply to a demand for surrender said, "I have with me forty fighting men, who have 4,000 rounds of ammunition, and forty trusty guns. I have an abundance of rations, and when these and the courage of my men fails them, I will think of your proposition." He replied to their offer to parole all officers and men, that "paroling was about played out," and invited them to the attack. They retired, however, and after firing one bridge, fell back six miles to another, and laying in wait for a small train with eighty soldiers aboard. After firing into it and killing four and wounding seven, and cutting down the bridge behind it, and following it to the smoldering remains of the burned bridge, attacked it, and after a severe fight were compelled to skedaddle, with a loss of twenty, and on our part a loss of nine killed and wounded.

The officer here mentioned is Lieut. Vincent V. Bell, of Company K, of the invincible 19th Ill., a son of Judge D. V. Bell, of Chicago, who has four more sons "of the same sort" in the army of freedom. This is "Bell metal" of the right die.

Moores was passing up the street with a friend when he observed a dog that had been killed lying in the gutter. Muggins's passed, gazed intently on the defunct animal, and at last said: "There is another shipwreck!" "Shipwreck! Where?" "There is a bark that's lost forever!" His companion growled and passed on.

## No More Dancing for Him.

A soldier whose legs had been carried away above the knees by a cannon ball, and who had been long a patient in the hospital, one day, while sitting up in bed, asked the nurse:

"When will those trust distributors be around again?"  
"To-day," said she.  
"When they come, I would like something to read," he added.

A colporteur came in the afternoon, and made a hasty distribution of tracts, giving one to each bed, without stopping to read the titles or see the fitness of the selection. The poor fellow who had lost his legs received a little four-page message, and began to read with great eagerness. The nurse, noticing the interest, stole up behind to see the subject of the tract, when, to her astonishment, she read "The evil of modern dancing." Repressing her laughter, she said to the man:

"That tract is hardly suited to your condition!"  
"Well, madam," he replied, "to tell the truth, I think my dancing days are about over."

OTTERMAN'S PROFITS.—An article in the New York Post, on the oyster trade of this city, says:

An oysterman works four months out of the twelve, and considers himself the victim of ill-fortune if he fails to make the year show an account of a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. Some of the men make two thousand, others five thousand dollars a year. A fair average is a thousand dollars a year, and the market in New York is so sure, that the demand exceeds the supply; hence, the certainty of the business, and hence, too, the profit, for there is a brisk call for "extra" oysters at the first class restaurants and hotels, which readily pay seven dollars a thousand, and never less than six dollars. The oysterman has the advantage, too, of small outlay. His shells cost him but sixty dollars, his racks six and a half each, and the wear and tear is trifling, while the price he pays in the best season for his "Virginia" is only thirty cents a bushel. There are three or four oystermen at Prince's Bay, who began as laborers at two dollars a day, who have made fortunes, solely out of a legitimate oyster business.

"CAN'T BITE A CARTRIDGE, HAT?"—We publish the following good joke from the Cuba, N. Y. Patriot:

Our friend G. R. Chaffron, Conductor on one of the Free Freight between Hornellville and Olean, who, by the way, is one of the best fellows in the world, though slightly profane when aroused, was sitting one day in a hotel in the former village, when the conversation turned upon military exemptions. Now "Chad" had a perfect disgust for those who are wimping around trying to escape a draft by pretended ailments. During the confab, "Chad" allowed that he would go like a man. "Why," "Chad" said the land-dog, "you can get rid of going—your teeth are poor; you can't bite a cartridge." "Can't bite a cartridge, hey? By G—d, sir, I can eat your beef-steak, sir—and if I can eat your beef-steak, sir, by G—d, sir, I can bite a cartridge, sir." The landlord had no more to say.

"Was the author of those pretty verses?" said one at a soiree lately.

"Eda Clare," replied the lady.  
"I declare!" retorted the querist.  
The joke was too easy to be very excellent, then it was just as good as one of Charles Lamb's that made great laughter in London, once on a time.

"What are you going to call your daughter?" he said to Barry Cornwall.  
"Adelaide," said Barry.

"Good," said Lamb—"Adelaide head" is good—very appropriate.

Is Rhode Island not a negro has enlisted, nor have any provisions been made to furnish funds to defray the expenses of educating a negro regiment. Some negroes have enrolled their names as willing to enlist, but not a negro, we understand, has been sworn into the service of the United States. In Massachusetts not a negro has been enlisted, and if no draft is made it is not probable one will be offered as a soldier.—Boston Post.

WHAT THEY ALL NEED.—An officer of an Indiana regiment in passing through one of the streets of Norfolk, met a pretty little girl of eight years and gently patted her on the head, when the mother, who observed it from a window, rushed to the door and bawled out at the top of her voice, "Come right straight in the house, Susanah, and I will wash your head!"

"Are you there?" said an Orange-man to a Ribbonman in "grate," being about to be hanged. "I always said you would come to be hanged." "You're alive," said Pat, "if it were the last word I had to speak! I did not come, I was brought."

It is said that a French genealogist has found that the Empress Eugenie, of France, is the true heiress to the throne of Mexico, through her Spanish ancestors, who were descendants of Montezuma.

A little three-year-old of our acquaintance, while playing with a dog, discovered for the first time that the animal had claws, whereupon he ran into the house, exclaiming with open eyed wonder, "Oh, mother, Fido has got teeth in his toes!"

"File right!" said an officer to his company. "Bedad," said an Irishman, who stood near by, sharpening his saw, "it's me own property, and I'll be de'n' as I please wid it."